

G-G-T-L-ALONIN
G.A.S

JACKIE CURTIS

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GLAMOUR

GLORY and

GOLD

The Life & Legend of

NOLA NOONAN + Goddess of
STAR

Just
Nolan
Type over

GLAMOUR, GLORY AND GOLD:
The Life and Legend of Nola Noonan
Goddess and Star!

a comedy by
JACKIE CURTIS

Send to:
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New York, New York 10014
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There is only one set ... a dressing room. There are two steamer trunks on either side of the stage, in which are preset all of the props.

A spotlight is absolutely necessary to communicate a filmic feeling.

When the curtain rises, we are in a small dressing room in the back of a sleazy diner. It is the era of the flapper and the speakeasy. In the darkness, we hear a low growl from FROU FROU.

Let me feel your tits.

FROU FROU

(The lights come up slowly, revealing FROU FROU, the local idiot and go-fer, sitting in the only chair on stage and reading a deck of over-sized playing cards. TOULOUSE, NOLA's best girl friend, a dimstore glamour girl, is adjusting her nylons, teasing FROU FROU.)

Not now.

TOULOUSE

Let me feel your tits!

FROU FROU

Now now - later.

TOULOUSE

(MAZIE, a dumb but loveable blonde, enters.)

MAZIE

Pssst ... pssst. Toulouse!

*I shall not be
Party to
simple
winded card
trick of
my pinhead
As the occasion of
Liquor -*

*and
I'll recall
the sin of
the flesh -
FROU FROU and
the r-Lest -
All hands on deck*

TOULOUSE

(Straightening her dress, caught in the act of teasing FROU FROU.)

Mazie! What are you doing? If Duke ever catches you off the street off the floor, he'll break every bone in your body!

MAZIE

Sssh! Listen, I got some juicy gossip about Nola Noonan, and I'm gonna let the cat out of the beans.

TOULOUSE - *through the beaded curtains of life*
Oh, I knew it. I saw it in the cards. What happened?

Turning Micks without your reading glasses on I took her to a very posh soiree the other night, and she embarrassed me. *at 4 in the morning in some hotel*
~~The boat~~ is not time to see the back of Curtains of life

TOULOUSE

Aaah ... don't tell me they caught her drinkin' out of the toilet bowl again. *The long gray line?*

MAZIE *of Paradise appears*
~~At~~ Almost. There was this truck driver there, see, who just couldn't take his eyes off the punch-bowl ... *golden geek*

TOULOUSE

Or you! Silence is golden - geeks are golden. *Boy in Chicago Coloso geeks or any.*
MAZIE *the geek*
But aside from him, everyone there was "swells" talking very big words, except for Nola ... she couldn't take her eyes off the punch-bowl neither. *never dropping to read the sign*

DUKE

fighting with banana tree singing the open road
Awright, what the hell's goin' on in here? *DUKE, the greasy owner of the diner, the only 'real' diner character, comes in furious.*
DUKE: "Order good things come to those who wait for me" big hole ahead!
TOULOUSE: *3 little words - F.F. comme feel you talk*
MAZIE runs and hides behind one of the trunks. *not looking at the avocados*
I'm runnin' a diner, here, not a talk-a-thor, now get your ass out on the floor, and make it before Christmas.

TOULOUSE

What the hell's wrong with you, Duke? *change in color so as to be able to*
DUKE
What the hell is wrong with me? *from the Duke's own narrow parry favors do not favor - spell myrna day*
(HE grabs TOULOUSE by the collar.)
Look, I got hungry guys out there, and they wanna be fed.

DUKE

What the hell is wrong with me?
(HE grabs TOULOUSE by the collar.)
Look, I got hungry guys out there, and they wanna be fed.

TOULOUSE

(Pulling away.)

So go'n' feed 'em! Only get off my back!

DUKE

Keep it up and you're gonna be out on your ass.
Maybe you can get your old job back, washing out
elephant's assholes!

TOULOUSE

(Incensed.)

Why, I never washed out an elephant's asshole in my
life!

(Proclaiming.)

I am a woman and an actress!

DUKE

Where is East?

(HE storms off.)

East!

TOULOUSE

Kiss my high heels, Frou Frou!

MAZIE

(Coming out from behind the trunk.)

Hey, Toulouse!

TOULOUSE

What is it now, Mazie?

MAZIE

Lend me your foot powder, will ya? Duke used mine all
up. He can't even afford to buy his own foot powder.

TOULOUSE

Look, if you don't like working here, why don't you
quit?

MAZIE

I can't quit. Where can I go?

(TOULOUSE starts to tell her.)

Awright, awright, awright! So I'll never make it as a
big band singer. I'm in love!

TOULOUSE

Yeah, the wind blew and the shit flew.

MAZIE

Go ahead ... go ahead and laugh.

TOULOUSE

Who can laugh?!

MAZIE

One of these days you'll all be sorry when they drag my body out of the river.

TOULOUSE

Look, Mazie, I'm your friend; we went through all this in Detroit. What happened to Nola?

MAZIE

Oh. This guy comes over to her and asks her a question.

TOULOUSE

Don't tell me! Somebody actually tried to make verbal contact with her?!

MAZIE

He asked her, in no five dollar words, what she thought of Kipling.

TOULOUSE

I'm ready.

MAZIE

She says, "I don't know. I never kiplied."

(NOLA enters. SHE is a loud, brassy redhead and/or blonde. SHE is carrying two library books, dripping in fox, and singing.)

NOLA

EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY
BUT MY BABY DON'T LOVE NOBODY BUT ME
NOBODY BUT ME!

(SHE throws down the book. After thunderous applause, SHE speaks.)

Hiya, kids!

TOULOUSE

Where were you?

NOLA

Sorry I'm late. I stopped off at the library.

(SHE opens her purse.)

Hey, look what I got! It's new ... they call it St. Valentine's Day Mascara. Well, Toulouse, what do you think? How do I look?

TOULOUSE

You need more paint. More cat-ness around the eyes, moonbeams, Twiggles, shadow, rainbows, lips, rouge and do. The Duke wants to see the "big face".

NOLA

Mazie? May we have your point of view now?

MAZIE

Gorgeous! — *Repeats TOULOUSE's line (above)*

NOLA

Seriously? Do you think I look all right to go on right now? The place is packed, and I'll bet Duke's pretty steamed.

MAZIE

Don't I know it. He's used up all my foot powder.

NOLA

You know, Mazie, sometimes I get the distinct impression you think you're living in Star-Brite Park.

MAZIE

(To herself, under the following.)

Star-Brite Park ... Star-Brite Park ...

NOLA

(Racing over to TOULOUSE.)

Look, if she don't like working here, why don't she quit. Already Frou Frou the pinhead is upset. It just don't seem right ... a nice girl like her, slinging hash in a joint like this.

MAZIE

Aw, gee thanks, Nola. You're regular.

NOLA

She heard me!

(To MAZIE.)

Yeah, but do I look all right to go on right now?

TOULOUSE

You look like you're fleeing from a goddamn burning building. Where'd you get these clothes, Nola? You're not trying to pay off an election bet, are you?

MAZIE

(Very empty-headed.)

I mean ... this town ... it ain't big enough. If they ever hear of politics here, Duke is gonna lose out ... on slave labor!

DUKE

(Running in.)
You're late, Nola. Get out there and rack up the balls!

(NOLA exits.)

Frou Frou, go out and pick me up a pack of butts ... I'm all tapped out.

TOULOUSE

(Crossing stage left.)
I thought I told you never to come into my dressing room!

MAZIE

(Crossing stage right.)
Well? You heard the lady ... breeze!

DUKE

C'mere, East. Wrap your ass in a kimono, tie your head up in a turban, and predict yourself a happy ending, 'cause you're fired!

(During MAZIE's next line, NOLA re-enters.)

MAZIE

But I just started.

DUKE

Yeah, and you just finished, you dumb broad. Now get the hell outta here!

MAZIE

(To TOULOUSE.)

Pack the bags, Toulouse. We're getting out!

TOULOUSE

Whaddya mean, "we"? I'm afraid, Mazie, the Raven just dropped a black feather outside your door. And you know what they say ... tough shit!

(MAZIE exits, sobbing.)

How about that dame?

NOLA

Mazie?

TOULOUSE

I said 'dame', didn't I?

NOLA
Oh, what about her?

TOULOUSE
Did ya get a load of that hair-do? It's hard to know where she swept it up from. She looks like The professional blind date.

NOLA
You know, you got a tongue that could clip a hedge.
(Referring to FROU FROU.)
Hey, did you two ever think of going into the beauty parlor business.

TOULOUSE
Yeah, I'm a dreamer at heart.

NOLA
Well, your talk alone could curl hair.
(NOLA takes out a bottle and takes a pill. With great perkiness, SHE says ...)
Why! I'm a different person!

TOULOUSE
Yeah, but are you ready?

NOLA
Honey, this body is always ready.

TOULOUSE
And honey, whaddya mean "library"?

NOLA
(Leaning over to pick up the book.)
Oh, I decided I needed a new love affair last night.

TOULOUSE
(SHE stomps on NOLA's hand.)
Big deal! I needed a lay!

NOLA
So when I got him to fall hook, line and sinker, I accepted. Then I told him yes, my suggestion on going to New York City was a very good one.

TOULOUSE
So ... you're getting out of Chicago.

NOLA

That's right ... and I'm leaving tonight. And you're not! Hey, Frou Frou, will you help me pack ... I'll let you feel my tits.

TOULOUSE

Sure, Nola. And the first thing we'll tuck away is your head.

BLACKOUT.

(The follow spot comes up on NOLA, alone on stage.)

NOLA

I'm Nola Noonan. I was a waitress here in Duke's diner, but unlike Toulouse, you can see I got a face that didn't wear out six bodies. You can see I have a face that'll be my fortune, and not my chaperone. I've got a future, Harvey tells me ... of course, it takes a lot to get him to say it, but I need reassurance. I'm emotionally insecure ... I need love. I was raped at an early age. Seven, to be exact. By a door-to-door salesman. He asked me if my Mommy was at home. Is anything strange about admitting you're a bastard, and "no", your Mommy is not at home? You have no idea where she is, let alone who she is? I had become, at age seven, de-flowered by my lover and guardian, a reformed ice-man who was out delivering at the time. The salesman asked me if I was interested in bringing back vaudeville, since he'd run out of bibles three doors back, and me coming from a truly musical background ... my guardian was a saxophone player with a tight lip. I let the guy in. His brochure read: "Vaudeville Again in Seven Days or Your Money Back!" It was somewhere between bird calls and his soft shoe, actually, that I found myself at his mercy. Brutally attacked. Slapped down, pinned forcefully to my lumpy old mattress. His big, muscular arms held me down. Sweat trickled from my forehead, tears streamed down my cheeks ... I loved it!

(By this time, SHE is leaning

against the left proscenium arch.)

Oh, but the breathing. Oh, but the panting. Breathing and panting, panting and breathing, breathing and panting ... well, what the hell. I was never a screamer. I knew somewhere at the back of my head that what we were doing couldn't be justified. But listen, what the dumb ice-man didn't know wouldn't hurt his tight lip, now would it?

(Continued.)

NOLA (continued)

I was enjoying this adulation, this stranger making violent, passionate love to me. An animal in bed, ripping and tugging at my brand new, all white, starched, starched crinolines. His manliness penetrated the starch, and I screamed: "I hate crinolines!! I hate starch and starched! I hate this lumpy old mattress!" But I shut up. Screaming can be very distracting to a frenzied rapist, and I did not want to distract him. I ripped the crinolines down to the linoleum. Yes, the ice-man was a Polack, and ugly Polack who dreamed that one day he would regain possession of that goddamn saxophone and blow it on the fire escape, so that he could drive me to drink, drive me to suicide, drive me to the neighbor ... a very sweet longshoreman who understood my seven year old mind. Suddenly, it was over. He took me with him to Chicago, and I made him forget all about bringing back vaudeville. And one morning I turned around, and just like in a movie, he was gone. And I never did get my money back!

(The stage lights fade up, revealing HARVEY KRAVITZ, a cowboy truck driver. NOLA continues.)

Harvey is my ticket outta this schlock diner. I hate Chicago. The town that Billy Sunday couldn't shut down, the pansy! I met Harvey at Mazie's party the other night. It was love at first sight. Harvey has a truck ... that never runs out of gas. And New York City is where it'll take me to. And there, I'm gonna start my climb up the ladder of success. I'm emotionally insecure, I always feel undressed and scared, but if I could feel undressed and not scared ... maybe it would start paying off!

(The lights are up full.
NOLA starts making up to
HARVEY, as TOULOUSE drags
MAZIE out to watch.)

Harvey, I hear the motor. No use wasting gas ... let's hit the road.

HARVEY

First, prove to me you love me.

NOLA

I love you, I love you. Okay, Harvey, let's go.

HARVEY
Nola, prove to me you love me.

NOLA
All right, wait'll we get in the truck ... I'll drive.

HARVEY
Nola ... now and right here.

NOLA
Subtle, this guy!

BLACKOUT.

(The follow spot comes up on
MAZIE and TOULOUSE.)

MAZIE
I thought she hated long farewells.

TOULOUSE
She has style, Mazie, no matter what you say about her
wardrobe. She has style.

BLACKOUT.

(The stage lights come up.
MAZIE and TOULOUSE still stand
at the left proscenium, in semi-
darkness. HARVEY is zipping
his pants.)

NOLA
Passion has never been greater. I may not be able
to pronounce my "t's", Harvey, but I love you. I
need you, I want you. Oh, Harvey.

HARVEY
(Trying to get NOLA off him.)
Okay, Nola, that's enough.

NOLA
I can't stop, Harvey. I can't stop.

HARVEY

You better stop. The motor's running, and all that gas is burning up, and your two friends are making us a regular double feature.

NOLA

Make love to me. Harvey, please, I can't go anywhere without it ...

(HE kisses her.)

You're getting to me, you're getting to me.

BLACKOUT.

(The follow spot picks up TOULOUSE and MAZIE.)

TOULOUSE

Keeping a secret from Nola was like trying to sneak daybreak past a rooster. Like I told Mazie ... she may be good for nothing, but she was never bad for nothing. She really did go to the library, and she lifted about seven plays ... not that she can read. She had this new occupation: Actress! The only thing: she couldn't talk. She was frightened at an early age, by a Chinese typewriter, when she was looking for an earring she dropped between a ching and a chow. Her tongue got caught, and it took the fire department two hours to unwind thirty feet of red and black ribbon. It was new, or so she said.

BLACKOUT.

(The stage lights come up on NOLA, who is making up to HARVEY as HE tries to drive.)

NOLA

Oh, Harvey, why don't you stop here? I'm tired, I'm hungry, I'm thirsty ... Harvey, you're not stopping.

HARVEY

Nola, you're killing me! Look, I can't stop. I ain't got no insurance on the truck.

BLACKOUT.

(Skids and a crash are heard in the darkness. The follow spot comes up on MAZIE and TOULOUSE.)

TOULOUSE

Nola was hysterical by the time they told her Harvey would have to be sewn up ... in ten different places ... before they could bury him. He didn't have insurance.

BLACKOUT.

(The follow spot picks up NOLA, in a fur coat and a widow's weep.)

NOLA

You mean he's dead?

BLACKOUT.

(The spot picks up MAZIE.)

MAZIE

She had this soft spot in her heart ...
(SHE points.)

Right here!

BLACKOUT.

(The spot picks up NOLA.)

NOLA

Hello, Officer ... Listen, I'm stranded here, and I never did like Albany. Why don't you and your partner take a breather and drive me into Manhattan?

(All breath.)

... Hrrm? What do you say?

(SHE opens her coat and unbuttons her blouse.)

My, my! Albany's so hot this time of year, isn't it? Whew!

BLACKOUT.

(The spot picks up MAZIE.)

MAZIE

She only stayed in mourning at most forty eight hours. Black was not her most flattering color, but didn't it appeal to two police officers, who believed it was hot in the dead of February cold ... back to the Chinese typewriter and the tangled ribbon tongue. Nola was hysterical by the time they told her she would forever have this one and only, red and black tongue.

BLACKOUT.

(The lights come up on NOLA,
seated in FLORENZ ZEIGFELD'S
lap.)

NOLA

No, Mr. Zeigfeld ... I haven't been able to pronounce my "t's" ever since.

ZEIGFELD

Why don't we have a look at that tongue ... may be good for a specialty.

NOLA

(SHE slaps him.)

Mr. Zeigfeld! You dirty old producer! You'll not glorify my tongue.

BLACKOUT.

(The follow spot comes up on
MAZIE and TOULOUSE.)

TOULOUSE

The slut had class. Tell me what broad is still a broad when she tells a person like Flo Zeigfeld that he can't see her tongue? Not that anybody ever saw it ... in the light.

BLACKOUT.

(The stage lights come up on
NOLA, looking in the mirror.)